

The BROAD AX

HEW TO THE LINE; LET THE SHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY

Vol. XX.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 26, 1914

No. 1

One Hundred Copies of the Nineteenth Anniversary Edition of The Broad Ax Ordered by Mr. Frank Ford, Private Secretary to Hon. Roger C. Sullivan

THE PAPERS BEING SENT FOR DISTRIBUTION AMONG THE AFRO-AMERICANS RESIDING AT SPRING VALLEY, ILLINOIS, THEY BEING ANXIOUS TO READ WITH THEIR OWN EYES IN RELATION TO THE FRIENDSHIP OF MR. SULLIVAN TOWARD WORTHY AFRO-AMERICANS.

OUR OLD HIGHLY ESTEEMED FRIEND, NOAH D. THOMPSON, OF LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, AND OTHERS, ARE STILL SOUNDING THE PRAISES OF THE NINETEENTH ANNIVERSARY EDITION OF THE BROAD AX.

It was stated in the last issue of this paper that the Nineteenth Anniversary Edition of The Broad Ax cut a very wide swath—that twenty-eight out of the forty-two candidates it recommended to the voters throughout this city and Cook county won out at the primaries Wednesday, September 24. This was further proven, for on Monday morning of this week Mr. Frank Ford, who has faithfully served as private secretary to Hon. Roger C. Sullivan for some years, and who is as smooth as the finest of oil himself when it comes down to dealing with the politicians, for he is always there with the glad hand and his old-time smile, ordered one hundred copies of the Nineteenth Anniversary Edition of The Broad Ax, the papers to be sent for distribution among the Afro-American voters residing at Spring Valley, Illinois.

It seems that the colored people residing in that section of this state wanted to read with their own eyes respecting the friendship of Mr. Sullivan towards worthy Afro-Americans, for it was set forth in that issue how Mr. Sullivan away back in 1892 to 1894, as clerk of the Probate Court, retained Attorney William G. Anderson as his private secretary and stenographer, while at the same time many of his white friends and associates severely condemned him for not removing Mr. Anderson and placing a white man in his position. As stated before in these columns, Mr. Sullivan would not discharge nor separate him from the pay roll as long as he performed his duties properly, simply on account of the color of his skin, and Mr. Anderson remained as his secretary and stenographer until the end of his term as clerk of the Probate Court.

That act on the part of Mr. Sullivan has in the past and will continue to raise him high in the estimation of the better class of Afro-Americans residing in this city and throughout the state of Illinois.

Our old, highly esteemed friend Noah D. Thompson, of Los Angeles, Cal., and others are still engaged in sounding the praises of the Nineteenth Anniversary Edition of The Broad Ax, and the following letter and comments speak for themselves:

Los Angeles, Cal.,
Sept. 16, 1914.

My Dear Mr. Taylor:
Mrs. Thompson and I have read with great interest your recent anniversary

A. ALLENWORTH'S FUNERAL FRIDAY.

Funeral services for Lieut.-Col. A. L. Allenworth, the only Negro who ever attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the United States army, were conducted at 1 o'clock Friday in the Second Baptist church, Maple avenue, near Eighth street.

The services were conducted by Rev. J. L. McCoy, Stanton post G. A. R. Lieutenant-Colonel Allenworth died Monday evening as a result of injuries sustained Sunday in Monterey, when he

edition of The Broad Ax and we are pleased to add our congratulations to the many you have already received by this time. We are also very glad to know that your dear old mother still lives to note and rejoice with her son in his success as a newspaper man of no great importance. I meet many of your friends and acquaintances here on the Coast, all of whom are always glad to hear that you are still working at the same old stand and doing well.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Taylor, I am,

Yours very truly,
NOAH D. THOMPSON.

NINETEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BROAD AX.

The (Chicago) Broad Ax has celebrated its nineteenth anniversary and its issue of September 5, 1914, reflected great credit on Negro journalism and showed the race to be a long way from the days of the Negro cabin and plantation presided over by the heartless overseer and the bull whip in literary advancement. From the slave plantation to the field of the highest proficiency in journalism is what The Broad Ax in its anniversary issue showed. We congratulate that paper and the race. Push on, push on.—The Reformer, Richmond, Va., Sept. 19, 1914.

THE BROAD AX.

Nineteen consecutive years without missing an issue is the enviable record made by Chicago's oldest race weekly, The Broad Ax. That Julius F. Taylor, its editor and founder, deserves a world of credit goes without saying. Just what it means to float a large cosmopolitan paper until it reaches a paying basis, few people outside of the clan know. Fearless and uncompromising, Editor Taylor wields a powerful pen for the cause of justice and right, and the evil does find in him a foe relentless to the end. Those who failed to get a copy of the recent anniversary number missed a rare treat. It was the same of journalism. Chicagoans are always doing big things and one of our most progressive citizens is Editor Julius F. Taylor. Live The Broad Ax.—The Chicago Defender, Sept. 19, 1914.

The writer feels very grateful indeed to all those who have had so many kind words to say in relation to the Nineteenth Anniversary Edition of The Broad Ax.

was run down by a motorcycle.

He was born April 7, 1842, in Louisville, Ky. Colonel Allenworth lived the life of a slave until he escaped in 1863 and joined the United States navy.

He served as steward until the end of the Civil War. After the war he enrolled at the schools of the Baptist Home Mission society at Louisville, acquiring a practical education and a knowledge of theology.

President Cleveland appointed Lieutenant-Colonel Allenworth chaplain



MRS. LOU ELIA LYLES SMITH

The noted dramatic reader and sweet voiced songbird, whose article on Negro music which appears in another column of this paper is highly interesting.

in the regular army, 24th regiment, in 1886. To assume his duties Colonel Allenworth resigned the pastorate of the Union Baptist church of Cincinnati, Ohio.

He was retired on full pay four years ago. He served as secretary to Dr. Barrows with the parliament of religions at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893.

After his retirement from the army he established a self-governed colony for Negroes in the San Joaquin valley. He leaves a widow and two daughters.—The Los Angeles Express, Sept. 19, 1914.

AN OBSEQUIOUS DOCTRINE.

(From the Columbia Herald, Louisville, Ky.)

When Booker Washington advises the delegates to the Negro Business League to cease fighting segregation laws and to devote themselves to acquiring wealth and intelligence, he was simply advocating his propaganda which he has been preaching for the past quarter of a century, viz., "The line of the least resistance," or to state it more accurately, "no resistance at all."

It is this obsequious doctrine that has resulted in growing up a generation of moral cowards among the Negroes of this country. This teaching of his has brought about a condition of economic serfage that has well nigh sapped all the manhood and darkened the hopes and stiffened the ennobling aspirations of the Negroes for fifty years. It is to be very much regretted that a man of such commanding opportunity and wide influence in his day and generation should be so servile and spineless in his teachings.

It is this very damaging doctrine that has brought about the unbearable and humiliating conditions of jim crowism, disfranchisement and segregation, which may be regarded as "the unkindest cut of all."

Appointed by White South.

This unfortunate statement before the Negro Business League was not the first egregious blunder that Booker has made since assuming the role of the southern White man appointed leadership of the Negroes of America, and however much we rejoice in his marvelous achievements along industrial lines, we have yet to be convinced that his policies of non-resistance are not yet injurious and deleterious to the development of the nobility of true manhood and race virility.

We repeat, that at this particular time, when the Negro was beginning to assert himself and resist the cowardly attacks of the Negro-hating White man, as manifested in the insidious form of segregation, he has given a blow to the race that is irreparable, and owing to the positions which he occupies in the eye of the public, simply intensifies the helplessness of its efforts.

To our way of thinking some of the evils, with which we as a race have to contend, will not be remedied by the subservient mien and truckling acquiescence which the Wizard of Tuskegee is being used to propagate. It may result in bringing a few paltry dollars to Tuskegee that will serve the few and infinitesimal part of the millions or more Negroes in this country, but will do great harm to the great struggling element of the race rising out of the ruins of a heartless prejudice, and will rivet the chains of proserption and serfdom.

Mr. Washington may yet live to see the day, if he does not see it now, when such a dangerous doctrine, of which he is the chief exponent, will produce a fruitage of backboneless, sycophantic, cringing cowards of the Negro race in this country.

Hoke Smith Waiting for it.

This is the kind of bread upon which such political demagogues as Ben Tillman, Jim Vardaman, Hoke Smith and Heflin feed. They and their kind have been waiting in breathless suspense for this very utterance, which they were sure would come in due time, just when a healthy sentiment was being crystallized against such a damnable heresy as segregation.

Some one has said, and truly said, "To submit with silence when we should protest, makes cowards out of men."

THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. EDWARD H. WRIGHT ENTERED BY A ROBBER.

At half past three o'clock Tuesday morning a highwayman costless, hatless and shoeless, very stealthily entered the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Wright, 2963 Wabash avenue, by raising one of the back bedroom windows.

Mr. Wright was sleeping soundly in the room at the time and the robber had to almost climb over his bed in order to make his way to the front part of the house.

The unwelcome intruder relieved Mr. Wright of his gold watch, chain and charm valued at \$115, a small diamond stud worth from \$40 to \$50 and \$15 in real money.

It being a very warm night, Mrs. Wright was reclining at the time on a davenport in the front parlor and she did not realize that a burglar was in the house until he stood right close unto her. Then she sprang to her feet and grappled with him, seizing both of his wrists, at the same time screaming and shouting at the top of her voice for help, exclaiming that "a burglar is in the house."

She was unable to arouse Mr. Wright from his sleep, and she is of the opinion that the robber had used chloroform in order to stupefy him.

Many of the neighbors close by and on the opposite side of Wabash avenue heard Mrs. Wright scream for help

Highly Interesting Article on Music. Its Art Should be Earnestly Cultivated by all Those Who Make the Slightest Pretensions of Being Civilized

CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. LOU ELIA LYLES SMITH, 3427 VERNON AVE.

Music is such a great agent, and while we as a people love it and take readily to it, we fail to cultivate it earnestly as an "art," and for this reason we cannot derive the fullest benefit from it. Sure, we often hear slighting remarks concerning "classic music," and our people's enjoyment of the same, that is all pretense on the part of those who cater to this sort of music. But I say the fault in such cases is not with the one who practices and caters to "classic music," but it is in the person who makes so false a remark. I know it is a fact that the "concept mass" of our people do not appreciate "classic music," it is because they have not been educated up to it. But a great number of our people have to be educated up to it, do love it and practice it in their homes. We have only a few who can lay claim to be "real artists," and because of our lack of education along "musical lines" we often rate a person as being an "artist" when they have no just claims to the title, and could only be considered a student. We all know in what lights "Negro music" is considered in the "music world" of America. We all know that the favorable opinion of "Negro music" is fully deserved, but Negro music is not a curiosity like some of the monotonous and melancholy chants of the East, neither is it a wild yell, such as some of our foreign friends long expected of us, in order to secure a fresh and distinctive American note. What our American critics are given to term real "Negro music," especially "jubilant songs," are often expressions of pain itself, softened by patience, suffering, with all the misery left out, and all the "melody" left in. Then

and some of them informed her after it was all over that they thought that she and Mr. Wright were fighting between themselves, that they did not want to get mixed up in it, even if one or the other should happen to get killed, and as no one rushed to the assistance of Mrs. Wright, the robber made his escape by raising and jumping through the large front window into the street and rushing around to the side of the house and disappearing in the darkness.

It does seem that civilized people residing in any neighborhood upon hearing an unusual noise at a late hour of the night, would at least be interested to the extent of ascertaining whether or not some one was being foully murdered.

HEALTH NOTES.

Dead flies do no harm.

This is fine weather for a vigorous fall clean-up. Premises that are carefully cleaned now will not require so much work next spring.

Over-eating does not always satisfy the appetite. Moral, don't stuff—eat enough and no more.

Certainly during these beautiful autumn days all our schools should be of the open air kind. For what does it profit the child to gain knowledge at the expense of its bodily health and vigor?

Did you ever notice how persistent the flies are to get into your home

what lacks it in any thing? For one famous music master has said that "Melody alone constitutes the essence of all music." Then again Negro music is sheer, bubbling joy in existence, without constraint, just good natured, full of hope and happiness. Now between these two extremes "Negro music" touches human emotion at every point, and with precise expression.

The quality that is so irresistible in its appeal is probably its hearty sincerity.

The Italians speak of the tear in the voice as the ultimate height reached by the trained human voice, and they write music of this pure, emotional type, but "Negro music" is so pathetic tender and sincere that it well-nigh places a tear in the voice of itself, at any rate often brings a tear to the eye.

Negro music is not in any way characteristic of the United States; it is a part of himself alone. Negro music is heard everywhere in this country, unless it be in our churches. Theaters are full of it, in the orchestra, on the stage; it is the one constant note in all our every-day musical life. That it pleases should not be wondered at, for it is real music and of a fine quality.

But why should we be content with our music alone? To be "artists" we must be able to "master" all the classics of different composers. Why should our composers be limited to using only the compositions of musicians of their own race? I say, study all "authors," sing their songs, play their pieces.

Learn all there is to learn, and then choose your own path.

these autumn days! They know the cold weather is at hand and so they want to get inside where there is warmth and comfort and lengthened life for them.

How do you like the community you are living in? Are there not some things that need correction? Are you helping to get them corrected? Are you doing your share to make your community a better place to live in this year than it was last year? Even though you move next May, the effort is worth your while. Why not begin now?

Do not begrudge your boy his outdoor playtime after school hours. The football game or the baseball game on the vacant lot will be of great benefit to him after his day in school. The autumn months after the long summer vacation are particularly hard on the boys and girls who have lived out of doors almost all the time and had plenty of good air and lots of vigorous exercise. For this reason they should be encouraged to indulge in all of the out-of-door sports after school hours.

Now is the time to place your fly poison on the back porch just outside your kitchen door, being sure there is no other food for them to get. Mix one pint of milk and water, equal parts; add two teaspoonful of formaldehyde, which can be purchased at any drug store. Pour this mixture into plates and in each plate place three or four small squares of bread. These will seek

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